

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE,

AND

Phi Beta Kappa Repository.

FIDE AC FIDUCIA.

No. 10.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1825.

VOL. I.

LITERARY.

THE GENTLEMAN MISSING.

"*Sapere aude.*"

HORAT.

"Fools will be fools, say what we will,
And rascals will be rascals still."

C.

FLIGHT has saved many individuals both in love and war, although the remedy seems to bespeak weakness and fear, rather than to argue fortitude and circumspection. "Seek safety in flight," said Lady Prudentia Ponder to her lovely niece Lady Virginia Flutter, when importuned by the froward addresses of a rake in very high life. "Withdraw from the scene of temptation," wrote the best of wives to her vacillating husband, Fitzamor, when entangled in all the pleasures of a Paris life, masking, gambling, revelling, &c. A well-conducted retreat, even in a military point of view, is a masterly operation; but my reader will be able to judge for himself in the present instance. Poyntz Sydney was a member of a certain club in St. James's Street; he belonged to the Savoir vivre, the Union club, the Thatched House, the Philharmonic, the Beef Steak Club, and the *Je ne sais quoi*.— Besides having a share in a box at the Opera, and subscribing to a score of institutions, assemblies, and meetings, the Argyle concerts, coteries, &c. &c., he always passed for a man of some talent, and merited the name of an elegant scholar. These qualities were passports to the first company, and procured him a popularity which he maintained steadily and respectably. In his dress and address, his house, carriage, horses, establishment and appointments, every thing was consistent, and in good style and keeping; on which account the strangers to economy of his acquaintance set him down for immensely rich; and his regularity, attested by his banker's and tradesmen's books, gave him general credit, which, had he been dishonourable enough to abuse, he might have pushed to a very considerable extent. Grave, good-natured, and well-bred, he offended none; if he won at play, he preserved the utmost composure; if he lost, there was not a disordered or deranged line in his countenance: he was unassuming

amongst his equals, and perfectly at his ease amidst coronets and supporters, excellencies, graces, lordships, and statesmen; this equanimity, however, could not escape envy, for there are always weak minds enough to wish a man down to their own level of grovelling passions and worthlessness.

Year followed year, finding my friend in the same prosperous circumstances, and in the same station and circle: all on a sudden, however, he disappeared from the drawing-room, the clubs, the concerts, theatres, and places of public resort: his carriage was missed in Pall Mall and St. James's Street, his horses were no longer led up and down facing what was Queensberry-house, his share of the opera box was let to a guard-greenhorn, who was much more welcome to the right honourable widow joint proprietress, than the calm and serious Sydney. His name was taken out of all the club and society books before mentioned; in short, "*non est inventus*" was the general outcry. It furnished a striking lesson to listen to the hints and surmises, the innuendos and good-natured remarks of his former intimates, at Bootle's, the Savoir vivre, &c.

"Well, for my part," cried Sir Matthew Martingale, "I always foretold that Sydney was not *sterling*; that the bubble would burst some day; all his affected calmness at play, his contempt of bad luck, his cool untroubled air—I knew that it could not last. D—n me! I wish that he had bolted before I lost the last two hundred to him." "By Jove," languidly drew out Lord Tubereuse, "what!—the *steady fellow* off at last! I wonder who gets his horses and his yellow *tub*, (an impertinent term of contempt for his chariot); he had one *decentish* black horse, ha! ha! ha! (laughing.) Well, Fin glad that old sober sides is done up."—"Quant à moi," observed an insufferably conceited Galomaniac honourable commoner, "I only regret his cook, (general applause); the *cotelettes à la Soubise*, the *vol-au-vent*, and the *rognons au vin de Champagne*. I always (yawning) thought Sydney a prosing ennuyeux, who bored us to death with his classics, and his long stories." This passed in St. James's street, at the club-house door.

At the French play, the news of his retreat was received with uplifted eye-brows, elevated shoulders, smiles of gratified envy, and with the most illiberal observations.—“Ruined for a ducat!” said Colonel Callousheart (his East Indian complexion lighting up with a ray of malicious pleasure); “faith, he played the game well; he must have hit a few of them; no doubt but the banker, and the coach-maker—the wine-merchant, confectioner, and club waiters will have cause to remember him; a demure sinner! Why, Bob Backhand would have procured him a thousand any day.” “And his honour’s tailor wont be able to take *measure for measure*,” insinuated into conversation Sir Benjamin Benares, the borough broker, who, having made his money in the muck of usury, could not bear to see a rival in independence which the knight himself had earned by early laborious habits in a hostile climate, and by subsequent monopoly, commercial manœuvres, and political trimming. “You are pleased to be witty, Sir Benjamin,” sneeringly replied a member of parliament and neighbour of his; “if you had talked of a new way to pay old debts, or rather an old way to pay all debts, you would have been more correct, and would not have merited to be *called to order*. We have all of us dined and supped with the *poor devil* often enough; and I believe, on a balance, I have a few hundred pounds of his money won at whist, where *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*, for I hate whist and moderate play: but there is nothing strange in all this; *fellows* of small fortunes will cut high into the first circles, and they must pay for it; banishment on the continent, or the rules of a prison, this is their only choice.”

At the Opera, nearly the same vein of kindness and liberality ran through all his *soi-disant* friends and intimate acquaintance. Lady Kalendar assured her circle that he was extinguished for ever, his lights were put out, never more could he harangue the *conversazione* party, nor take share in the discussions of the literary meetings at H—house; he owed (she boldly asserted) a hundred thousand pounds, and his house and furniture must come to the hammer.—“Robins for ever!” exclaimed in an ecstasy the spinster lady Barbara Bane.—“I shall get all his old China, French clocks, and the antique cabinet. What a pretty business it would have been, had not his forbidding frigidity disguised me, when I thought him a *responsible person*, and set my cap at him!” Even Parson Pilferphrase, who owed him numerous obligations, confessed that he had views on his library. At length doctor Dirtywork stepped in, and assured the party that he would ascertain every circumstance of his *evasion*, and would bring all particulars to the dutchess of Dampfame’s “at

home,” the next night at twelve.—“Remember twelve!” sighed out lady Barbara (Barbarous I had nearly written) whilst the furies hissed *apropos* in the ballet of Don Juan. The curtain dropped, but the thirst for scandal kept open the waking eye of gentle lady Bab.

The Dutchess was “at home,” and the interesting hour of twelve arrived, when the doctor made his way through a crowded assemblage of rank and fashion, and gained the spot where lady Barbara was sitting, surrounded by a rare set of fame stabbers, and reputation clippers and hewers. “Well, dear doctor, what about the runaway?” was articulated simultaneously by the tabby and spinster tribe.—“Sailed for Calais in an open boat, I’ll bet a hundred,” interrupted one, whilst lady Bab sat tapping her feet and fan with anxiety to hear the worst.—“An execution in the house!” exclaimed a divorced dame who had turned prude: “come doctor, out with it.”—“Why, ladies,” replied the crest-fallen doctor, “I never was so disappointed in my life; after making all possible inquiries, he does not owe a shilling in the world.” “Impossible!” screamed lady Bab.—“He has five hundred pounds in his banker’s hands.”—“Frightful!” cried her grace.—“His horses are at grass, and his carriage is sent to be painted; he has only discharged two servants.”—(“Prodigious!” said the parson.)—“the rest being on board-wages, except one whom he has taken with him; and lastly, his house is not to be let.”—“Nor his books to be sold!” mournfully accented the Reverend.—“But where did his servant say he was gone?” inquired Miss Cassandra Winterfield.—“Only into the country,” answered the doctor.—“And for how long?” “His domestics could not tell.”—“Oh! I see through it all,” resumed lady Barbara; “it is all a false display, the man is in the rules of the Bench, but the general blow-up has not yet come, and matters are kept snug and quiet for a time.”—“All the ladies looked full of hope, as did Colonel Callousheart, and Sir Benjamin, who joined the circle.”—“No, no,” replied the doctor, “for I made inquiries both at the Fleet and at the Bench.”—“How good of you!” muttered I to myself, overhearing all that passed.—“What can have become of him,” said two or three of the faded fair ones in unison and harmony together for the first time?—“Nothing so simple,” observed lord Tubereuse, in a consoling tone, “the man has gaming debts that are not generally known, or some d—d encumbrance or other, and he has drowned himself.”—This remark convinced them all.—“Poor silly fellow!” quoth lady Bab.—“No wonder,” uttered her neighbour.—“I am sorry for it,” said Miss Cassandra with a smile in her eye, for she had

borrowed fifty pounds of him.—Finally, the report was believed by all, and was circulated in every quarter the next morning.—Month followed month, and he was forgotten by those who had flattered and fed at his expense the most ; but his unexpected return changed not only the face of affairs, but many other faces.

At the close of one year my friend returned : he had made the tour of England ; yet, from the change in his mode of life, and the diminution of his expenses, he found himself with half-a-year's income before him, besides the five hundred pounds in his banker's hands ; his health was invigorated, in consequence of regular hours, pure country air, greatly increased exercise, and extensive variety of scene ; and he felt his mind refreshed from the absence of dissipation, and the effect which the recruited body produced thereon. His house was painted and thoroughly cleaned, his cattle were reposed and brought into regular exercise for his use, and he enjoyed the calm which the cessation of thundering knocks at his door, from idlers and card-droppers, effected. Nobody expected him, and he warned his domestics not to announce his arrival until he should give them orders to do so. A literary work which he had a mind to support and embark in, however, made it necessary for him to send to me, and I failed not to inform how *kind* his friends had been in his absence.—“It is little more than I expected,”—observed he ; “I saw through a number of treacherous acquaintances, base sycophants, and insipid guests,” continued he : “I began to be aware that most of them only sought my society for what they could get of me, or asked me to their late and feverish parties as an unit to swell the book of numbers. I have been long since tired of dissipated male companions and of flirting, gaming, and gossiping female ones, of painted faces, and false tresses, and of falser hearts, and the more disguised features of the mind ; of the enormous expenses of the clubs, and irrationality of living of the circle in which I moved ; and lastly of folly and ingratitude, which one must be incessantly meeting with in such company. I have cut all the clubs, and shall get rid of all my visitors, except about half-a-dozen, ending our acquaintance with the last exchange of cards, which shall not take place, on my part, until one month after receiving theirs ; nor shall I forget to apply to Miss Cassandra for the money which she owes me, nor to make Sir Matthew Martingale pay me the two hundred pounds which he said that he lost to me, but asserted *falsely* that I had received. I will not commit you as my friendly informer of all this duplicity, but the actors in the plot shall read contempt on my brow, and disgust towards them, by my shaking off their society.”

He kept his promise, and received with coldness and disdain the fulsome compliments of “Dear me ! how well you look !—Where have you been ? How unkind not to let us know something about you !—A trip to Paris, no doubt ; a tour to the classic ground of Rome, &c.—Are we indebted to a love affair, or the mere love of romantic retirement for missing one of our *best* friends ?”—All this was repelled with coldness and that penetrating look which appals guilt ; and, at last, the delinquents slipped away from him, drove round corners, cantered briskly on perceiving him, looked into shop windows, and played the other stale and humiliating tricks of those who are ashamed to encounter the honest front of the man whom they have betrayed and calumniated : the detractors, although not cured of that execrable vice, felt, nevertheless, little in their own eyes, whenever Sydney appeared before them. The *gourmands* lost a good table, the parson missed a kind friend, and the doctor lost a patient ; whilst he, returned from retirement, found his fortune suffice for every reasonable expense, leaving him, at the same time, an ample fund for acts of glowing charity, which brought with them their own reward, and made him regret that such sums had been formerly diverted into another channel. Nor did the Gentleman Missing spend his time and money in a foreign country ; he had made the tour of almost all Europe, as a part of his education, and he confined his travels on this occasion to his own native land ; first from a patriotic principle, and next for the purpose of seeing many parts of England and Scotland till then unknown to him ; and the beauties and curiosities whereof amply repaid him for his journey.

It seems certainly strange that so many Englishmen who have travelled extensively abroad, should remain ignorant to the end of their lives of the curious and romantic scenery at home, and wholly uninformed of the local and statistical history of their native and neighbouring soils. The lakes and mountains, the sea-ports, and richly cultivated tracts of land in England, and the sister kingdoms, together with their local, and mineralogical, and geological histories, are most interesting to a Briton ; and it must be humiliating to him, from time to time, to meet with strangers better informed on these subjects than himself. The utility and pleasure of these researches and pursuits were obvious to my friend, after his disappearing from the haunts of extravagance, and of false pleasure ; but the knowledge which he acquired of the book of man by this stratagem was immediately advantageous to him.

If a number of those who waste their fortunes and constitutions in Winters in Lon-

don, and who are forced, from their evil effects, to expatriate themselves, to the detriment of their own interests, and those of their numerous creditors, would take a lesson from the Gentleman who was only missing for so short a time, the state of the country would be more prosperous, and (in the event of their having dipped their estates) they would more readily retrieve their losses, than from the exchange merely of folly and expense at home, for expense and folly abroad, added (most probably) to the degradation of national character, and, perhaps, to the inhabiting of a miserable French or German prison, far from the sympathies, assistance, and accommodation which they might experience amongst Britons, which they ought never to lose sight of, and which are always to be found by those who merit them.

THE MANSION OF REST.

By the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

I talk'd to my flattering heart,
And chid its wild wandering ways ;
I charged it from folly to part,
And to husband the rest of its days :
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors which fancy had dress'd ;
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A charmer was listening the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay ;
"O come then," she cried, with a smile,
"And I'll show you the place and the way :"
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest :
"Never more," I exclaim'd, "will I roam
In search of the Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly,
Not long was my fancy beguiled ;
For too soon I confess'd, with a sigh,
That the syren deceived while she smiled.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and unwary breast,
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then Friendship enticed me to stray
Through the long magic wilds of Romance ;
But I found that she meant to betray,
And shrunk from the sorcerer's glance.
For experience has taught me to know,
That the soul that reclined on her breast,
Might toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Prudence I met in the way ;
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day :
She cried—as she show'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,
"Behold there the Mansion of Rest."

She spoke—and half vanished in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear
With a smile that would banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear.

Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven,
And, pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to Heaven,
She show'd the true Mansion of Rest.

SERENADE.

By Procter.

Listen ! from the forest boughs
The voice-like angel of the spring
Utters his soft vows
To the proud rose blossoming.

And now beneath thy lattice dear !
I am like the bird complaining :
Thou above (I fear)
Like the rose disdaining.

From her chamber in the skies
Shouts the lark at break of morning,
And when day-light flies
Comes the raven's warning.

This of gloom and that of mirth
In their mystic numbers tell ;
But thoughts of sweeter birth
Teacheth the nightingale.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

[He died at Rome, of the Mal' aria.]

O Rome ! amongst thy temples high,
And columns with the wild weed crown'd,
And sculptured capitals that lie
Struck down, and in the grasp of Time,
How many a mighty heart sublime
Lies dead and stripp'd of all its fame,
Like those who never earn'd a name,
Or played a base or vulgar part ;
And now—thou hast another heart,
(No better in the wide world found)
Buried in thy immortal ground,
For thou—(although thy works of stone,
All in their times renowned known
As things of mere mortality
Must perish—) *thou* canst never die.

But he, the burthen of my song,
Who came, but might not tarry long,
In summer strength hath perished.
Oh ! many a thing beside the grave
Whom few could love, and none could save,
Hath he, with weak but hurrying tread
Passed.—And he is with the dead.
'The dead'—whom now 'twere vain to call
While lying in their silent sleep,
And yet we cannot help but weep,
Albeit 'tis idle, idle all.
Then, let this poor memorial
Remind some of his early day,
And to all who lov'd him, say
Though gone, he is not quite forgot.
While to those who knew him not,
It is enough to tell that he
Was such a man as men should be ;
That pray'r, nor art, nor love could save ;
And that he lies in a foreign grave.

PROCTER.

There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, 'A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion.'

THE ESSAYIST.

THOUGHTS ON BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL Memoirs are generally perused with avidity, often with much pleasure, as a fruitful source of amusement and instruction, although this is sometimes obtained at the expense of the character delineated. It formed part of the litany of a man well acquainted with human nature—"God preserve me from my friends! I am aware of my enemies." This prayer might be uttered by every one who prizes posthumous fame, and who imagines it possible that his "sayings and doings" will be recorded when he is stretched in the narrow house, alike insensible to the voice of praise and censure.

It has been laid down as a maxim, that no man was ever truly great to his *valet de chambre*. To obtain and preserve respect, it is necessary to maintain a kind of fictitious dignity, which can be done only by keeping at a certain distance, and avoiding improper familiarity; otherwise, we are sure to betray the weaknesses of our nature; for there are infirmities, both physical and intellectual, inseparable from the greatest and wisest, which, when conspicuous, reduce them to the level of ordinary mortals. A general, at the head of his army, will march with fearless intrepidity to the field of death, and after having dared him at the cannon's mouth, will be afraid to snuff his candle with his fingers. A philosopher may harangue his pupils in the Lyceum on the beauty of virtue, and persuade even himself that he is superior to the infirmities of nature; yet even the impertinence of a servant may rouse him to anger, or the voice of love may allure him to folly. What can be more opposed to each other, than Caesar writing *Feni, vidi, vici*, and whining on his couch like a sick baby, "Give me some drink, Titinius!" or Pericles, in the groves of Academus, listening to the lectures of Zeno, and the same sage hanging on the smile of the fair Aspasia! Or, to come to modern times, how different was the mind of Bacon, when writing his *Novum Organum*, from the feeling with which he wrote his instructions for escaping the incantations of witchcraft! The fable of Hercules wielding his club, and sitting at the feet of Omphale holding the distaff, has been realised in the later ages, by Charles, Emperor of Germany, at the battle of Pavia, and telling his beads in the monastery at Estremadura. The author who believes himself secured of immortal fame, writhes under the attack of a dull scribbler, or feels a pang of envy, when a rival's name is mentioned with applause. Although the ancient philosopher,

when abused by an impudent fellow, said, that if an ass kicked at him, he would not degrade himself by returning the compliment; yet the contempt expressed in the observation proved that he felt the insult; and our great modern moralist, Johnson, has left it on record, that even his gigantic mind could not rise above that feeling; for he says,

"Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart."

This is according to nature: we may affect publicly to despise, but we cannot help secretly feeling. The war-horse, that rushed fearlessly to the charge, will gallop round the park to avoid the sting of a gad-fly. A practical illustration has just now brought home this observation to "my business and my bosom:" while writing this sheet, a puny fly has been buzzing about my eyes, and tickling my nose, till it has wearied out my patience; and, unlike Uncle Toby in a similar case, I have lost my temper: and, irritated by the teasing intruder, now settled before me, I struck at the insect, missed it, but peeled my knuckles on the hinge of my desk. Although this may be thought a digression, it is intended as illustrative of the assertion, that no man is great or wise at all times; and that about all of us there are some things which it were wise to keep concealed, or, in the language of Burns,

"Aye keep something to oursel
We scarcely tell to ony."

From these considerations, I maintain, that it is seldom for the honour of a character, who is brought before the public, that his biographer should have been too familiar with him of whom he writes; above all things, it is to be desired, that he should not have been his doting and enthusiastic admirer, blind to the foibles and frailties which "human flesh is heir to." And the greater the veneration entertained for the character, and the nearer it approaches to idolatry, by so much the more is the danger of injudicious disclosures increased. I would not have errors, or lapses, which may serve as beacons to the public, concealed. There is no great risk of the most devoted admirer attempting to whitewash them, that they may appear as virtues. The danger is, either that the biographer, considering the character of whom he writes as an oracle, retails all his thoughtless and unpremeditated sallies as deliberate cogitations and words of wisdom, or, if they will not bear that appellation, as being at least excusable, on account of him by whom they were uttered. In this case, the biographer resembles a fond mother prating about her child in a company of strangers; when,

although she may tickle some itching ears, and gratify those who wish to see her or her bantling made ridiculous, she is rashly exposing both herself, and the object of her idolatry, to the pity or contempt of her auditors. How remarkable has this been exemplified in the case of the author last quoted! How many of his licentious extemporaneous effusions have been preserved and recorded by blind admirers. They were the ideas of the moment, elicited by convivial hilarity, unpremeditated sallies, prompted by the impulse of youthful passions and strong feelings, aided by the intoxication of flattery and potent liquor. The preservation of these has caused a blush on the cheek of those who respect his talents, and know what excuses and allowances ought to be made for a frail mortal; while it has afforded his detractors and enemies a fair pretence for insulting his memory, and talking of him with contempt; they can see and know his failings, but they are unacquainted with the strength of his temptations, or how much may have been resisted. When we are informed that Pope was an epicure, Gray a finical spruce fop, and Thomson and Johnson gluttons, in spite of ourselves, it in some degree lessens our respect for their characters; and although good-nature may philosophically smile at the

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,"

yet bigotry, envy, and narrow-minded or malignant dispositions, will exult over these frailties with indecent triumph. But no public character has suffered more severely from the blind idolatry of his biographer than Johnson. The gossiping chit-chat and untiring garrulity of Boswell has exposed the great man, in his most unguarded moments; forgetting that there are attitudes and positions in which we may allow ourselves to appear before a very intimate friend, at the moment when restraint is banished, and the mind unbent, but which a sense of decorum would paint as an indecent exposure, should we be thus seen by the public. Yet this has Boswell done; and the public have gazed on the hapless victim; some with a sigh of pity, many with wondering curiosity, and not a few with gloating and delighted eye; gazing on every scar, excrescence, or deformity, which was injudiciously laid bare before them; and ever after find him, in his own language,

"Perversely grave, and positively wrong."

CLERKE RYCHARDE AND MAYD MARGARET.

"A man must needs love maugre his hed,
He may not deen it though he should be ded." *Chaucer.*

There were Two who loved each other,
For many yeares, till hate did starte,
And yet they never quite could smother
The former loue that warmed theire harte;
And both did loue, and both did hate
Till both fulfilled the will of Fate.

Yeares after, and the mayd did marry—
One that her harte had ne'er approued;
Nor longer could Clerke Rychard tarry,
Where he had loste all that he loued;
To foraigne landes he recklesse wente,
To nourish Loue, Hate, Discontente.

A word, an idle word of Follye,
Had spilled theire loue when it was yonge;
And Hatred, Grief and Melancholy,
In either hearte as idle sprung,
And yet they loued, and Hate did wane,
And much they wished to meete againe.

Of Rycharde still is Margaret dreming,
His image lingered in her breast;
And oft at midnichte to her seeming
Her former loue stood confeste,
And shedding on her bosom teares,
The bitter wrecks of happyer yeares.

Where'er he wente by land or ocean,
Still Rycharde sees Dame Margaret there;
And everie throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her;
And newe newe loue hath he cherished,
The power to loue, with first loue perished.

Homeward is Clerke Rycharde sayling,
An altered man from him of olde;
His hate had changed to bitter wayling,
And loue resumed its wonted holde
Upon his harte, which yearned to see
The hautes and loves of Infancie.

He knew her faithlesse, nathless ever,
He loued her though no more his owne;
Nor could he proudly nowe dissever
The chaine that round his hearte was thrown.
He loued her, without Hope, yet true,
And sought her, but to say adieu.

For euen in parting there is pleasure,
A sad swete joy that wrings the soule;
And there is grief surpassing measure
That will not byde nor brook control,
And yet a formal fond leave-taking
Does ease the harte albeit by breaking!

Oh there is something in the feeling,
And tremblinge faulte of the hande;
And something in the teare down stealing,
And voyce soe broken, yet so blande;
And something in the worde Farewell
Which worketh like a powerful Spel.

These Lovers met and never parted;
They met as Lovers woult to do,
Who meet when both are broken hearted,
To breathe a laste and long adieu;
Pale Margaret wepte, Clerke Rycharde sighed
And folded in each other's arms, they died.

Yes, they did die ere word was spoken,
Surprise, Grief, Love, had chained their tounge,
And nowe that Hatred was ywroken,
A wonderous joy in them had sprung;
And then despaire froze either harte
Which lived to meete, but died to parte.

Clerke Rycharde he was buried low
In faire Linlithgow, and his Love
Was layde beside him there, and lo
A bonny tree did grow above
Their double grave, and broad it flourisht
Greene o'er the spot where first Love perisht.

FOR THE
NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.

By Francis Topic.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

[Continued.]

MEN often in the hour of peril, when one moment of self-possession would save from ruin, lose themselves, while some women act with such coolness and deliberation, as would awe the most heroic: but when the evil hour is passed, they fall senseless at the recollection of what was. It was so with Helen; in a moment she regained her speech and courage—even questioned the dumb animal. On being spoken to, Towler rose up, exultingly lapped Helen's feet, looked to the door, then turned wistfully to her again and again; at length ran to the threshold, and looked back once more. Helen read his mute eloquence, and advanced to the faithful dog, while her parents were left fixed to the spot, like two mute and lifeless statues.

With hurried pace, Helen followed the noble Towler, and passed amid the darkness, fleet as Camilla, over the pebbly shore and rough rocks, which at other times she had looked on and deemed impassable. The wild storm without was not equal to that within her bosom, and so eagerly she followed her mute guide, that she scarcely knew if it were rain or shine.

At length, more than a mile from her cottage, she reached a high craggy rock, which extended its barren arm far into the sea, up which the dog nimbly climbed, and she, not less active, was in a moment after him. The wild waves dashed against it, seemingly angry that it had usurped part of their proper domain; but Helen, heedless of all impediments, approached its utmost verge, where, as a bright flash of lightning lit up the appalling scene, she saw a figure stretched upon the hard rock, and apparently as insensible. She uttered a loud, piercing shriek, which was heard even above the tempest—and, good heaven! she sunk upon the prostrate form of her lover.

He spoke not, moved not: then her heart's forebodings told the dreadful tale, that hope and her Donald both were dead. She could not longer command her feelings; her lover's bark was overwhelmed by the raging winds and angry flood; her energy of mind was wrecked by the storm within her breast, not less wild than that without, and she swooned away. The lightning showed that night to the contending elements, two of the purest and most faithful hearts that ever beat in unison, while they,

callous to all, lay exposed till morning on the barren rock. 'Twas a melancholy Bridal-bed.

We left Helen's parents in their cottage when she hurried from it. It was long before they could move from their stupor, but when aroused, they felt some dreadful end was come to Donald, and in hopes of rescue, apprised the whole village of all they knew, and all their fears. There was not a heart but loved the hapless two; the villagers were touched with pity at the mournful story, and in a moment the voice of one spoke the feelings and desire of all—to make instant search. But where?

They scoured the whole shore, some one way, and some another, but all in vain. At length, as morning approached, the storm gradually abated, and the first dawning of light found the white haired Duncan Campbell, Helen's disconsolate father, at the base of the rock on which the two lovers had passed their BRIDAL EVE. Towler, who still watched over them with angel care, descried, and guided up the cliff the comfortless old man; he climbed with tottering steps and thunder-speaking fears, but before he had time to think what might be, the first objects which caught his eye, were his beloved daughter, and his son who should that day have been. He wept not, he spoke not: his grief was too deep for words of sorrow, or unavailing tears. They were in a sitting posture, in each other's arms, their heads resting on a projecting cliff; they seemed not dead, but their pale and placid features looked like a master-piece of sculpture. Neither moved a muscle when the old man approached: then, in bitterness of heart, he ejaculated—"My children! Oh, my hapless children!" Donald's eyes opened—the fixed glazedness told that death had stamped his impress there. A slight movement of the lips was seen, but silence reigned supreme; the gentlest sound was not heard. His hand motioned towards the fragments of his wherry, which were strewn on the rock; his eyes turned to his faithful dog—they never moved again; a gentle sigh was heard, soft as the sound when the dew-drop falls—it was his last. No motion was seen in Helen's face; her hair hung dishevelled over it, like the willow boughs—the same loveliness of feature, the same serenity of aspect, all was there as in life, save the sparkle of the eye, and the balmy breath. It seemed as if death had feared to sit on such a beauteous face, but sent his gentle sister sleep. Yet, she was dead! The old father fell upon his knees, with hands uplifted, and eyes heavenward turned, breathed rest for their souls—he could not ask a blessing!

The villagers soon found out the spot of the melancholy catastrophe, and assembled on the rock. They bore the lifeless lovers

to the village, and conducted the parents thither, who were, "in all, save breath, already dead."

Helen and Donald were buried in the same grave, in the village church-yard: a stone of white gypsum was placed over their heads, and on it was written this epitaph.

Beneath this stone, repose
DONALD and HELEN CAMPBELL,
The pride and boast of
ARDENTINE,
who untimely perished upon
the blighted rock
on their
BRIDAL EVE.

"I do opine," said the minister, "that your tale deserves a better fate than merely to be repeated at our bacchanal meeting. It is told in simple yet feeling language, and though more prolix than it might have been, yet being called on so unpreparedly, perhaps you had not time to curtail. I think both yourself and your story deserve immortality."

"Hang immortality," said the author. "To have your caricature dangling at the sign-post of every country tavern, or shining on the face of every Dutch looking-glass, is no ambition I aim at; that is the summit of immortality now-a-days. Give me good friends, good wine, and in short, good quarters for my body in this world, the devil may take immortality when I am in the next; I'll none of it."

"Tis an excellent tale," repeated the minister.

"I am of a different opinion," said Mr. Rowardson. The story is well enough, nothing, however, else than common-place; the diction is inflated, and the descriptions generally exaggerated, even to bombast. You do not, Mr. Pulpitwise, look on things with the severe eye of a critic; you are not like Iago, you are *something*, if not critical."

"I would not say I doubt your judgment," replied the godly man; "but as it is at variance with mine own, I will not yield too readily to it: I know there are men, who cannot themselves write two paragraphs consistently, censure with all the asperity of a Zeno, the writings of others. You must allow, that the passage where Donald asks Helen's heart, and the scene where her mother questions her, are told in simple and natural language; in such, as people in their stations might be presumed to use."

"It is simple enough, I will confess," said the critic; "but as to natural, that is a question: yet even allowing it is, the nice observer of nature does not in his tales, sketch simple events because they are natural, but with the eye of discrimination chooses a

middle course, between the simple and overcharged; that is the great merit of an author."

Mr. Pomposity drew his chair forward, raised his head like one in authority, and with the confidence of an egotist spoke. "Gentlemen, you are both erroneous in your judgments: it is a good tale, neither possessing generous faults, nor transcendent beauties; it wants, however, the polished language of a scholar, and the interesting plot of a man of imagination. When I come to speak my tale, I shall by example show you the true style, pure English, and matured plot."

"Gentlemen," said the author, "go on with your remarks, do not fear I shall be offended; if my tale has no redeeming qualities, I myself, at least, have one merit, I can listen to your censure without murmuring."

"It might be invidious in me," said the host, "to draw any comparison between the two tales told, yet, if I were asked which were the best, I should certainly give the preference to the latter; and, as the first, to me at least, was not an uninteresting one, in saying this, I give it no small praise."

"If worse than Henry Birkenshaw," said the austere critic, "it would scarcely be worth the breath Mr. Auldlochtan spent upon it: the romantic Henry was an egregious fool. What do we care about a silly girl of eighteen, jilting an *intonsus*? Yet, had it been told in strong and powerful language, it might have been almost tolerable to men of sense; but as it is, it is too poor for a love-sick girl."

"Go on," said the author of Henry Birkenshaw; "go on, Mr. Critic."

"Then, if you will know the rest," said he, "there is no precision of style in your tale, nor the least ingenuity of plot."

"Your turn is coming," said the host; "perhaps, as you can censure so unreservedly, you will submit to criticism yourself; though it is not those who give the most, who will bear the most."

"Mr. Rowardson," said the narrator of the first tale, "if my story was silly, and met your disapprobation, blame not me: I give it in the identical words in which I heard it; the story made an indelible impression on me, and I recollect it well, perhaps, because I felt deeply for my friend."

"Pardon me," replied our critic. "I do not mean to slight your talents; we all know, on most undoubted proof, that they are respectable; but let me inform you, they do not lie in story-telling."

"I thank you for this good character. I never *lied* in a story in my life."

The host seemed not to like the vein into which the conversation was now running, and to change it, turned to Mr. Auldloch-

man, and, jocosely asked, "how do you like the claret?"

"Well, I thank ye, it is excellent."

"Madeira and Champagne are too strong for you, if you introduce daylight into the bottles, they always make your head light."

"I wish in mercy," said our severe critic, "they had done as much for his tale, it was as heavy as his thunder."

"Come, come, Mr. Rowardson," said the guest; "you should not be so severe, we tell not our tales for hire, so do not censure; we speak them unprepared, so make due considerations."

THE GREEN ISLES OF THE OCEAN.*

Where are they, those Green Fairy Islands, reposing
In sunlight and beauty on ocean's calm breast?
What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest?
Oh! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith,
But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death!

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
Who steer'd to those distant green spots on the wave?
To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
In the fields of their country they found not a grave!
Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze
gathers,

From the flowers of each vale, Immortality's breath;
But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death!

FELICIA HEMANS.

* The "Green Islands of the Ocean," or "Green spots of the Floods, called in the Triads, "Gwerddonau Llŷon," (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales,) were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian Heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own.

Gafan, a distinguished British Chieftain of the 5th century, went on a voyage, with his family, to discover these islands, but they were never heard of afterwards.

This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys, with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madog, were called the Three Losses, by disappearance of the Island of Britain. Vide W. O. Pughe's Cambrian Biography Also Cambro Briton, vol. 1. p. 121.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

From the Spanish.

O fair and goodly star,
Upon the brow of night,
That from thy silver car
Shoot'st on the darken'd world thy friendly light!
Thy course is calm and bright
O'er the smooth azure of the starry way;
And from thy heavenly height
Thou see'st how systems rise and pass away—
The birth of human hopes—their blossom and decay.

O that my spirit could
Cast off its mould of clay,
And with the wise and good,
Make wings unto itself, and flee away,
That, with thy bright array,
We might look down upon this world of woe
Even as the god of day
Looks on the restless ocean flow, [below.
And eyes the fighting waves that pant and foam

Alas! it may not be—
For mortal fetters bind
To dull mortality
The prison'd essence of th' immortal mind;
Our course is too confin'd:
And as beneath the sun, that blazed too bright,
The Cretan's waxen wing declin'd,
Before the splendour of immortal light
Our fainting pinions fall, and plunge us back
to night.

Then let my course below
To thine be near allied;
Far from the worldly show
Through dim sequester'd vallies let me glide;
Scarce be my step descried,
Amidst the pompous pageant of the scene;
But where the hazels hide
Cool stream or shade beneath their leafy screen
Mine be the grassy seat, all lonely, calm, and
green.

Within those verdant bounds,
Where sweet to ear and eye
Come gentle sighs and sounds,
The current of my days shall murmur by
In calm tranquillity;
Not doom'd to roll o'er passion's rocky bed,
Nor slothfully to lie,
Like the dull pools in stagnant marshes bred,
Where waving weeds are rank, and noxious
tendrils spread.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Fair Ruler of the Visionary Hour,
Sweet Idol of the Passionate and Wild!
Enchantress of the Soul! Lo! Sorrow's child
Still haunts thy shrine, and invokes thy power!
Alas! when Fortune and the false World frown,
Shall thy sad votary supplicate in vain?
Wilt thou too scorn Affliction's wither'd bower,
Nor lend thine ear to Misery and Pain?
Spirit unkind! and yet thy charms control
Mine idle aspirations—worthless still—
And fitful visions, all undreamt at will,
With ungrasp'd glory mock the cheated soul!
Like beauteous forms of Hope, that glimmer nigh,
But from Despair's approach recede and fly!

A person may not merit favour, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

In *Sophocles*, *Jocasta* prays to the Lycian *Apollo*, and says, "That she came to his temple, because it was the nearest." This was but a sorry compliment to his godship. It is the same, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to save themselves the trouble of seeking further.

The confinement of the unity of time, in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. For he must be obliged to compass actions within the compass of three hours, which, in the ordinary course of things, would require the leisure of as many days, perhaps, to bring to pass.

Titles of honour are like the impressions on coin—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

New-York Literary Gazette.**THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND
LORD BYRON.**

"Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world; but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the greatest enemies to religion. I have read, with more attention than half of them, the book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject, which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive! None but God: on him I rely."

Thus spoke Byron during his last illness, to Captain Parry.

If a man ever speaks the truth, he does it on his death-bed; and we feel more disposed to believe the professions of the dying Byron, than the assertion of the critic in the *North American*, that his lordship "was without religious faith, regarding himself and others as mere beings of this world."

At page 304 of the *North American*, the critic says, "At the University he fell, according to every account, including his own, into a course of reckless profligacy!" On this subject, Sir Cosmo Gordon says, (1824) "The enemies of Lord Byron have never ventured to hint that he was in his boyhood more wild than his fellows; all that they have ever laid to his charge is, that in his freaks there was a little more originality; and if this be a stain, it is one which his memory can well bear." We side with Sir Cosmo Gordon.

The *North American* critic alludes to Capt. Medwin's book, and considers it in the main as a credible narrative, (although it is to be appealed to with caution) and says, "The temper [of Byron] discovered is characteristic—he is represented as talking much of himself and his works, as full of spleen towards others."—Sir Walter Scott says, (1824) "Lord Byron was *totally* free from the curse and degradation of literature, its jealousies and its envy." We believe Sir Walter Scott.

The *North American* critic says that Byron "denied the existence of all disinterested feeling," that "he felt no enthusiasm in contemplating the energy of high and self-

denying virtue," and that his heart was depraved. Sir W. Scott says, "The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue.—No man had a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress, and no mind was ever more formed for the *enthusiastic admiration of noble actions*, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles." We believe Sir Walter.

The *North American* critic says, "no one, we suppose, imagines that he rendered or was capable of rendering any important services to the cause" of Greece. Indeed! Let us probe this sapient, this oracular *supposition*. Prince Maurocordato in a letter to Mr. Bowring (Missolonghi, April 20th, 1824) says, "Our loss [of Byron] is irreparable, and it is with justice that we abandon ourselves to inconsolable sorrow. I shall attempt to perform my duty towards this great man: the eternal gratitude of my country will perhaps be the only true tribute to his memory." "Lord, what fools these *Grecians* "be," to mourn the loss of Byron, to cherish his memory with eternal gratitude, when the critic of the *North American*, who undoubtedly is a better judge of Lord Byron's services to Greece than the Prince Maurocordato, (who does not live in *Boston*, and of course knows nothing about the state of affairs in *Greece*) tells them the unquestionable truth that Lord Byron never *did* render and never *could* render them any important services!—"Cedite Graii!" acknowledge your stupidity; and bow thyself in deference, Prince Maurocordato! to the Calchas of the *North American*—and let the tears which you shed for Byron be tears of joy—exult that he is in his grave, for the critic says, "If the Greeks are, as we hope, to recover their freedom, it may be well for their posterity that he [Byron] had not the power" to render them any important services. What matchless wisdom! what tender-hearted consideration for struggling Greece!

We now come to one of the most novel

methods of creating a poet, that we ever heard mentioned. Our wonder has been rising step by step, as we have travelled along this article of the North American on Byron; but we are now on the top of the ladder, and the elevation is so great that we fear a vertigo. Let our readers be on their guard, or the next quotation may make sad work with their brains. Here it is—"The energy of his passions and his intense egotism made him a poet." Here is a recipe for making a poet with fewer ingredients than it takes to make a pudding! We doubt not that it will be copied into every "Cook's Oracle" and receipt book in the world, between the recipes for making apple-pie and apple dumplings, duly entitled "How to make a poet."

Simpletons that we have heretofore been! We had hitherto imagined that *intense egotism* would only render a man a great fool, and a great bore; now the scales have fallen from our mental vision—blessed be our critic for removing them! and now we see that *intense egotism* is either father or mother (we are not quite certain which) to poetical genius. Henceforth every self-important and self-conceited coxcomb may exclaim, "Et me fecere poetam;" he cannot add "Pierides," but must take for the subjects to "*fecere*" passions and egotism. Until now, we have always thought that a man was a poet through the influence of generous feeling, sublime passion, and moral power; that the mighty creations of the bard were the workings of strong imagination, and of a high capacity for whatever is grand, or pathetic, or beautiful in nature—that he poured forth his soul in song under inspiration which he could not resist; we had attributed the origin of Byron's poetry to all these causes; but now we see how widely we have erred, and in humility and sadness we bow to the Oracle whose sayings are quite as lucid as ever were those of the Pythian priestess, and admit that Lord Byron's intense egotism and strong passions *alone* made him a poet!

"Throughout the whole of his poetry," says our critic, "there is an exhibition direct or indirect, of his personal feelings and character, either such as they really were, or most commonly modified in such a manner as seemed to him best adapted to give others that conception of him which he

wished them to entertain." The opinions advanced in the above extract, are neither remarkably young nor particularly original. We have seen again and again the same idea expressed by all the hackneyed scribblers that have harped on Byron's poetry.—They have repeatedly detected the real Lord Byron in all his heroes. According to their notions Childe Harold's Pilgrimage should have been entitled "The Pilgrimage of George, Lord of Byron"—the Giaour should have been the "George Gordon"—the Corsair should have been "The lord of Newstead Abbey"—and "Cain, a mystery," should have been the "Conversations of Lord Byron and Old Nick." Who presumes to doubt that Lord Byron was sketching his own character in Manfred, Conrad, Alp and Sardanapalus? And on equally tenable ground, who is so very a dunce as not to perceive that Milton's devil in Paradise Lost is a shadowing forth of his own personal character—that the goblin page of Scott is the real Sir Walter in a pair of seven-league boots—and that the foul and monstrous veiled prophet of Khorassan is neither more nor less than the bright-eyed and light-hearted Tom Moore—who is so blunt as not to discover the personal character of poets in the productions of their imagination? Caliban and Nick Bottom are unquestionably portraits of "sweet Willy Shakspeare," and Joan of Arc is Doctor Southey in petticoats!

We must now rap our critic upon those bumps below his eyes, which craniologists term the organs of language. Lord Byron in his Manfred, compares the water-fall of the Alps to

"The pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death."

Our critic puts on his spectacles here, and discovers false grammar; he kindly corrects it thus—

"The pale courser's tail
The giant steed's to be bestrode by Death."

In this amendment, *steed's* is in the possessive case, and must necessarily be in apposition with *courser's*, and must further be governed by *tail*; thus the meaning of the sentence is, that the cataract is like the pale courser's tail, *the giant steed's tail* to be bestrode by Death! Now, if Death chooses to ride on the tail of his own horse, it is not our business to question his right so to do, little as we may admire his taste; one thing

is quite certain, that he must ride without a saddle. Our critic's imagination has here taken a great flight, and his fancy is certainly superior to Byron's. The latter, in all his poetic visions, never hit on the happy idea of representing Death galloping along on the tail of his own horse!

Ere we take leave of our critic, which we trust that we shall do with all courtesy, we must quote one sentence which we sincerely hope may breathe prophecy. "In another age, with other fashions and prejudices, the character of Byron will be estimated as it ought to be." Heaven grant that it may be thus estimated in another age, since there is little hope of overcoming the prejudices of the present generation against the memory of departed greatness. But the golden age must return before genius shall cease to be slandered, abused and persecuted; before generosity shall cease to be duped by fraud, undervalued by envy, and wounded by malignity; before honour and honesty shall cease to be foiled by cunning and hypocrisy; and before the mass of men shall show in their practice as well as in their professions, an attachment to the pure and noble doctrines of that sacred Being whose warning to mankind was "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The Cincinnati.—The members of the Cincinnati have resolved to lay their claims before Congress at the ensuing session.—These veterans of the revolution neither beg alms nor ask favours of their country; they simply ask the payment of an honourable and equitable debt—but will they receive it? This will depend on the sense of moral obligation in the members of our national legislature; and we hope for the honour of America, that our Representatives and Senators may exhibit more justice and more honourable feeling on this subject, than their predecessors have shown. President Adams is the friend of these much abused men, and we do not apprehend that their petition will be neglected so far as his good offices can further their object. But we confess that we have many fears that our Congressmen may be more intent on displaying their rhetorical abilities, than on canvassing the claims of aged and time-worn Belisarii.

To those of our readers who doubt the worth of Lord Byron's personal character.

we would recommend the perusal of Sir Cosmo Gordon's pamphlet in the poet's justification. It is the work of an honourable and spirited man, whose intimacy with Byron was not like Medwin's—a gin-and-water friendship; but an esteem founded on mutual good qualities.

Kean.—The war about this actor waxes hot, and he may well say in his favourite character,

"Norfolk, we must have knocks—Ha! must we not?"

We do not mean to interfere in the controversy either *pro* or *con*, for the subject is of such a nature that the less that is said about it the better. Let those who wish to see his performance, buy their tickets peaceably; and those who disapprove of his being brought on our stage, show their disapprobation by staying away; and in behalf of the benches in the pit, and Mr. Kean's organs of ideality, we beg that no attempts may be made to establish an off-hand acquaintance between his head and the said benches. We anticipate a rapid advance in the price of apples, oranges, chickens in the shell, and other *missile* weapons, on the night of his appearance; but as it is not quite certain that Mr. K. is fond of poultry and fruit, we would recommend that the purchasers devour all that they may buy.

Honorary degrees are becoming so cheap now-a-days, that we may soon see A. M. and A. B. and M. D. and LL. D. and all the *et ceteras* running along in the gutters for any body's picking up. We are all marvellously fond of titles in this plain republic of ours. We once knew a man in Dutchess County, whom the Council of Appointment elevated to the station of justice of the peace, and ever after, the happy dignitary, in signing letters, notes of hand, &c. would write "M—— P. V——, Esquire!"

Theatre.—We lately noticed the death of the Drama: we are glad to find that, like many a skilful physician, we had mistaken suspended animation for the end of "life's fitful fever." Conway and Cooper, whose united powers are certainly respectable, together with our favourite Mrs. Barnes, have drawn crowded houses, and thrown all splendid spectacles in the shade. Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin have also appeared, of whom some

speaks well. Mr. Kean, too, may be expected to make his appearance soon. Such a galaxy of talent, will again, we hope, draw the attention of the public to this most rational amusement. If the managers go on, as they have now begun, they shall receive at our hands all the applause which their exertions merit.

In all the fashionable cities of Europe, no one ever appears in the lower boxes, but in full dress. When a foreigner enters our theatre, what a contrast meets his eye.—Here are *gentlemen* wearing surtouts coats, hats like a bonnet on the top of a smoky chimney, and other parts of their dress so unbecoming that we forbear to mention them—reclining at full length on the benches, or lolling in some easy position. Then, we see ladies dressed cap-a-pie, as if they were actually paying a visit to the frozen scene represented in Cherry and Fair Star. If these ladies had as much consideration for the comfort of the lords of creation, as the latter have for the *gentler* sex, they would not sit in the front seats with Leghorn bonnets the sides of which project as provokingly as the wings of the wind-mill which shattered the chivalrous lance of La Mancha's knight.

It is surely in the power of the Managers to establish rules for those visiting the lower boxes; we should be glad to see this done, and we will answer that no truly well-bred people will withhold their support in consequence.

We have a good friend and a true, who, in his youth, had a most romantic turn. In the beautiful autumnal evenings of our own favoured land, or in the wild nights which our climate sometimes witnesses—when the fair creation is convulsed with thunders and lightnings, he was sure to roam among the woods, either to see the moonbeams playing on the rippling rill, or sporting on the green herbage, or again, to view the lightning darting about in its wrath, and blasting the aged oaks.

To cure him of this foolish propensity, a friend of his, in the habit of a spectre, waylaid him one dark night, and in a sepulchral tone warned him against such idle practices. He, nothing intimidated, drew a sword from his cane, which he always carried with him, and rushing towards the apparition, cried,

"If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."

The reader may conjecture which was cured, the romantic youth, or the feigned apparition.

For the Phi Beta Kappa Repository.

A FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

Why wandereth the fair haired daughter of Oithona by the lone shore of ocean?—Black is the night and murky clouds are flitting by. There is sorrow in the tread of the Rose of Land-carron—her blue eyes are red with tears.

What can comfort her? Alas! she mourns for her warrior, Undin—he has left his love, he crosses the wave to battle for the chief of Una. But the ponderous mace of Arthon has stricken him—the fleet-limbed Undin is stark and dead—his bones are blanching on the field of Una.

She hears the Fate of her love, and the fire of her mind is extinguished. She mingles not in the lightsome dance—the song of the minstrel has ceased to charm her.

She loves the bleak strand of the waters—she is for ever watching for the bark of Undin. Desolate maiden! why standest thou on the cliff?—the damp dews of Heaven are on thy brow—the night breeze is sporting in thy tresses, and wildly stream thy garments in the blast.

She heeds not the screaming of the wind, nor the low dash of the billows—her gaze is on the wild waste of waters—her white arms are folded on her bosom. She calls upon her Undin, and is seen no more. A faint scream is re-echoed from the rocks—a plunge in the wave—and the dark sea has rolled o'er the child of Land-carron.

ADA.

There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

A play is but an acted novel, of about three hours reading, and should not be restrained within the limits of any given time, in the story, though the representation ought not to exceed the usual one.

Mr. Guthrie, in his essay on tragedy, distinguishes between a poet and a genius. He must have meant only rhymers, versifiers, or poetasters; for I will not admit a person to be a poet without a genius.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

CICERO DE REPUBLICA.

THERE is perhaps no monument of ancient literature the disappearance of which had excited so much regret, as that of Cicero's treatise *De Republica*. Though the earliest, perhaps, of all his philosophical works, it was that upon which he himself set the highest value, and which his contemporaries most admired; it was said to have been written in his happiest style, and to have been the great repository of the political wisdom of the ancients. The splendid fragment (*Somnium Scipionis*) preserved by Macrobius, together with the quotations interspersed through the works of Lactantius, St. Augustine, and Nonius, served to exasperate the vexation of the learned at a loss which seemed as great as it was irretrievable. A complete copy was extant as late as the 11th century; since which period the literary world have been at different times flattered with the hopes of its recovery, and rumours have been circulated that manuscripts of the work existed in France, Poland, and other countries. It is needless to add, that these rumours turned out to be groundless, and that the hopes they had raised were uniformly disappointed.

Within the last few years, however, a considerable portion of this famous treatise has been recovered by the industry and ingenuity of the Librarian of the Vatican, Signor Angelo Mai.

Like the greater part of Cicero's philosophical works, the treatise *De Republica* is in the form of a dialogue, and the interlocutors are Scipio Aemilianus, Laelius, Philus, Manilius, Mummius, Tubero, Rutilius, Scævola, and Fannius. The object of Cicero, in composing this *great and laborious work*, as he himself describes it, like that of Polybius in writing his history, appears to have been, to exhibit a view of the different political and moral causes which had secured to the Roman people the empire of the world; and for this purpose, as well as to avoid giving offence, and, if possible, to recommend the stern but lofty severity of ancient manners—on which wealth, luxury, and political profligacy, were daily making sad inroads—he introduced the most distinguished of the Old Republicans, who detail, in a manner highly characteristic and striking, their different sentiments as to the best forms of polity, and particularly whether, in the government of states, justice ought to yield to, or be determined by, expediency. Scipio, *πρόσωπον πολέως*, after examining in succession the three simple forms of government, pronounces in favour of monarchy, as *per se* preferable to either of the two other forms separately; but declares

that the best conceivable form of civil polity is that in which the three are so blended and attuned as to act and re-act on one another, and to produce, as it were, a state of equilibrium. And this, he maintains, was the form of the Roman Government after the expulsion of the kings. The arguments in favour of republicanism appear, however, to preponderate, as it was probably the author's intention they should. In what remains of the third book, Philus undertakes the defence of expediency in government in opposition to justice, and, if we may form an opinion from what remains, appears to content himself with merely repeating the sophisms of Carneades. It is a subject of infinite, and, we fear, now unavailing regret, that the reply of Laelius, pregnant with the *mitis sapientia* peculiar to his amiable and endearing character, and containing, if we may believe antiquity, the most glorious and triumphant refutation of the machiavelism put in the mouth of Philus, has not been recovered. This was undoubtedly the most eloquent and interesting portion of the work. Cicero never personates the character of that virtuous and enlightened Roman, without rising, as it were, above himself, both in argument and in eloquence.

Custom is too apt to obtain a sanction by becoming a second nature. This should be admitted only in different matters; for, in others, use only renders abuse familiar, and makes custom the more reprehensible.

Persons of sense foresee a crisis, and temporise with occasion. Short-sighted people never comply, till occasion becomes necessity—and then it is too late.

People who are always taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

If you slice off the head of a turkey-cock, after it has been once set a running, it will continue to keep striding on, in the same stalking gait, for several yards, before it drops. I have known several people pass through life, plausibly enough, with as little brains as an headless turkey-cock.

Poets should turn philosophers in age, as Pope did. We are apt to grow chilly when we sit out our fire.

A certain person expressed himself once very happily (in making an apology for his epicurism) by saying that 'he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well.'

The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtue, in the lottery of life.

Writings of wit or genius, in the present times, is but lighting a candle to the blind. It supplies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advertisements from the London Quizzical Gazette.

Durable Candles—manufactured and sold by Messrs. RUSH and WICK, Tallow-Chandlers, Gutter Lane, Candlewick Ward.—These Candles are warranted never to gutter, flare, smell, want snuffing, or to burn out; and, provided the mice be kept from them, they will keep any length of time in cool climates. To insure these superior and desirable qualities, it is only necessary to use one precaution, which is *never to light them*.—Sold, for ready money only, in any quantities not less than a dozen pounds.

Legal Loop-Hole Office.—Messrs. SPY-FLAW and FLEEC'EM, Solicitors in Thieves' Inn, who, after many years' practice, flatter themselves they are well versed in quirks and quibbles, as well in civil as criminal law, offer their services to such as are involved in either branch, on most liberal terms. They will undertake to find defects and errors in every legal instrument, from an appearance to the most voluminous paper-book in the former, and in the latter from the first examination to the completion of the death-warrant; to put off trials, delay judgments, and postpone execution, to the most possible distant period.

They further beg to inform such as honour them with their confidence, they have always ready, at a minute's notice, respectable-looking Bail, capable of justifying to any reasonable amount, and plausible Witnesses, equal to the severest cross-examination.—Sham Pleas, Writs of Error, and mitigating Affidavits, prepared on the shortest notice.

N. B. Alibi's proved; and Perjury in all its branches done for less than half the usual fees.—Apply as above.

A Card to all his Majesty's Squinting Subjects.—No Cure no Pay.—Dr. Skewaskant has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and others, that, after many years' attentive study, he has discovered a method whereby he is enabled, on very liberal terms, to cure that most inveterate obliquity of vision vulgarly called Squinting, in three Lessons.—Let none despair, as the Doctor will engage, in the worst possible case, to convert the defect into an agreeable Cast of the Eye.—Mrs. Skewaskant attends the Ladies.—Servants, and Children in arms, cured at half price.

N. B. Young ladies taught to languish, and elderly gentlemen the true style of ogling, with or without a quizzing-glass.—Apply at the sign of the Mote-in-the-Eye, Blear Street.

New Mineral-Water Warehouse, Grub Street.—Where only can be obtained the Genuine Water from the Hypocrene fountain, so long and so well known to possess the wonderful property of improving the dullest wit; imported by a Gentleman who has lately returned from a classical excursion to Parnassus's famed mount, where he had the honour to be introduced to the Nine Muses, who, after regaling him with Ambrosia and Nepenthe, permitted him to bring away a small keg of this inestimable Water. Sold in half-ounce phials, price 10s. 6d. a few drops of which administered *secundum artem*, would instantly sharpen the wit of Sir Matthew Blockhead or Sir Dickey Philip, both civic knights.

An entire New Thought.—A Gentleman who has spent forty years of his life in thought, but who has determined to think no more for his own advantage, offers to think for such as do not choose to give themselves that trouble. For which purpose he intends to *open an office* for receiving from all such as may be pleased to entrust to his management their *Thoughts, Ideas, or Suggestions*; either of which he will undertake to arrange, methodize, amend, and make the most of, on reasonable terms, for ready money only. He promises the most inviolable secrecy; and that all Thoughts, &c. registered in this Office shall be insured from fire, and so secured as to render it impossible to have a single Thought stolen whilst in his custody.—Thoughts bought, sold, or exchanged.—A few Comical Ones to be sold cheap; and some Serious Thoughts wanted for elderly persons.—An Appendix kept for registering Second Thoughts, which, according to the adage, are considered the best, and must be paid for accordingly.—Apply at the New Thought Office, Pensive-place, Hoxton.

TO PAUPERS ONLY.

New Mendicity Emporium, Bainbridge Street, Bedford Square.—Where are constantly kept ready for Sale or Hire, by the hour, day, or week, the greatest variety of wretchedly *Ragged Garments* for either Sex ever before offered, well suited for Beggars of every description; and, if the Proprietor may be allowed to indulge in a pun, they will be found to beggar all description for filth and misery. In this elegant and extensive Repository will be found Crutches of all sorts and sizes for Sham Cripples; well-trained Dogs, for leading clear-sighted blind persons; Trumpery for May-Day Sweeps, and Bunters' Garlands; Bells and Fittings for Morris Dancers; furnished Baskets for begging Merchants in every line; and, to soften the hard hearts of the rich in frosty weather, hard-hearted Cabbages.

ges with black streamers ready stuck on pitch-forks, for poor frozen-out Gardeners; laboriously patched articles for tidy Beggars: and the greatest stock of Deformed and Half-starved Children, with shrill voices, ever before submitted; which will be let out singly, or in large parcels, on most liberal terms.

N. B. Broken Victuals and Orts [leavings] bought, sold, or exchanged, by commission; and a Mumper's Hot Ordinary every evening at eight o'clock, and a Cock and Hen Club on Monday nights.

** A separate Room kept for skinning dead Cats and Dogs.—Sham Fits and Distortions of every sort taught gratis.

Whereas sometimes either convenience or fashion may make it necessary for Ladies or Gentlemen to be temporarily ill, all such are informed, they may be supplied with Disorders, real or imaginary, from a pimple to the plague, with a classed nomenclature, by applying to Dr. Typhus, Febrifuge place.

April 1st.—This day is published,

A Treatise on the Diseases of Sea-Fish— particularly the Submarine Ague, and Salt-water Typhus, with Methods of Treatment, and Recipes for Cure.

BY A SHARK,

Surgeon to the Royal Marine Corps lately returned from the Newfoundland station.

To be had on Fish-Street Hill.

A MODERN NOVEL.

"Georgianna Villars was a most charming young creature. Montague Danvers was a most interesting young man. They lived in Portman-square, and fell in love. A misunderstanding arises, not very probable, but extremely necessary. He (with agony of mind) thinks her unworthy. She (with anguish still more exquisite) is too modest to explain. At length chance befriends them. She flies on the wings of love. She is reserved, but does not drive him to despair. A perfidious rival is unmasked; friends are reconciled; parents consent; and Montague leads his Georgianna, a blushing bride, to the altar of Hymen. Thus virtue, &c. while, on the other hand, vice, &c. Finis."

A ROMANCE.

"See novel, with the addition of a ghost, a corridor, or an Italian Marquis."—(By the by, an Italian Marquis is the most unromantic of human beings, and not the richest, or highest of rank. But that is in Italy, not in England.)

A person remarking to another, that Rome was the seat of the true faith, was answered, "True, but this faith reminds one of certain people, who are never to be found at home."

THE SOCIAL RIGHTS OF MAN:

Being a compilation from the various declarations of Rights, submitted at different periods to the National Assembly and Convention of France, and recently arranged by Count Lanjuinais in his "History of Constitutions."

[Continued.]

Instruction being necessary to all, society ought to favour, as far as lies in its power, the progress of public education, and render instruction attainable by all the citizens.

Safety consists in the protection granted by society to every citizen, for the preservation of his person, of his property, and of his rights.

Safety results from the combination of all, to ensure to every one his rights.

No man ought to be called before a court of justice, accused, arrested, or imprisoned, except in cases determined by the law, and according to the forms which it has prescribed: every act exercised otherwise towards a citizen is arbitrary and null.

Every act exercised against a man, except in the cases, and with the forms, which the law determines, is arbitrary and tyrannical; and he, against whom they would execute it, has the right to repel it by force.

Since the law is equally binding to all the citizens, it ought equally to punish the guilty.

The law ought to protect public and individual liberty, against the oppression of those in power.

Every arbitrary or illegal order is void.—They who demand it, who sign it, they who convey it, who execute it, or cause it to be executed, are guilty; all ought to be punished.

The citizens against whom such orders have been issued, have a right to repel violence by violence; but every citizen called upon or seized in the name of the law, ought immediately to obey. He renders himself guilty by resistance.

Every man being presumed innocent until he has been declared guilty, if it be indispensable to arrest him, any rigor which was not necessary for the security of his person ought to be severely checked by the law.

Every citizen has a right to the common advantages which may spring from the social state.

[To be continued.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,

Editor and Proprietor, No. 4 Wall-street, New-York. Subscriptions received by G. & C. Carvill, 127 Broadway—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office to the editor.

Terms—Four dollars per annum, payable in advance.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 47 John-street.